I cannot weepe, nor answere haue I none;
But what should goe by water: prethee to night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Em. Here is a change indeed. *Exit.*

Des. Tis meet I should be vsde so, very meet,
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion on my least misuse. *Enter* Iago *and* Emillia.

Iag. What is your pleasure Madam? How i'st with you?

Des. I can not tell: those that doe teach young babes,
Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes;
He might ha chid me so, for in good faith,
I am a childe to chiding.

Iag. What is the matter Lady?

Em. Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such despite, and heauy termes vpon her,
As true hearts can not beare.

Des. Am I that name *Iago*?

Iag What name faire Lady?

Des. Such as she sayes my Lord did say I was.

Em. He call'd her whore; a begger in his drinke,
Could not haue layed such termes vpon his Callet.

Iag Why did he so?

Des. I do not know, I am sure I am none such.

Iag. Doe not weepe, doe not weepe: alas the day.

Em. Has she forsooke so many noble matches,
Her Father, and her Country, and her Friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weepe?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iag. Beshrew him for it: how comes this tricke vpon him?

Des. Nay, heauen doth know.

Em. I will be hang'd, if some eternall villaine,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cousening slaue, to get some office,
Haue not deuisde this slander, Ile be hang'd else.

Iag. Fie there is no such man it is impossible.

Des. If any such there are heauen pardon him.

Em.

Em. A halter par
Why should he call he
What place, what tim
The Moore's abus'd b
Some base notorious
O heauen, that such co
And put in euery hon
To lash the rascall, nak
Euen from the east to

Iag. Speake within

Em. O fie vpon hi
That turnd your wit, t
And made you to susp

Iag. You are a fool

Des. O good *Iago*
What shall I doe to w
Good friend goe to hi
I know not how I los
Here I kneele:
If ere my will did tres
Either in discourse, or
Or that mine eyes, mi
Delighted them in an
Or that I doe not yet
And euer will (thoug
To beggerly diuorce
Comfort forsweare m
And his vnkindnesse
But neuer taint my lo
It doth abhorre me, n
To doe the act, that m
Not the worlds masse

Iag. I pray you be
The businesse of the S
And he does chide wi

Des. If t'were no

Iag. Tis but so, I w
Harke how these Inst

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDIN